

Euerevpon hys maysters graue he lay
There myght no man haue hym a way
For here neyther for colde
Wythout it were onys a day
He ran aboute to get hys pray
Of bestes that were bolde
Conys whan he myght them gete
Thus wolde he labour for hys mete
yet greate hunger he had in holde
And feuen yere he dwelled there
Tyl it fel on that one yere
Euene on crystemas day
The grehounde as the story says
Came vnto the kynges palayes
Wythout any delay
Whan the lordes were set to mete sone
The grehounde into the halle come
Amonge the knyghtys gay
All aboute he gan beholde
But he sawe nat what he wolde
Than went he hys way ful ryght
Whan he had sought and coude nat fynde
He dyd ful gentely hys kynde
Spede better whan he myght
The grehound ran forthe hys way
Tyl he cam where hys master lay

Handwritten marginal notes in a cursive script, likely a later hand than the main text, located at the top of the page.

kyng thought he had sene hym ere
 he wyt nat wele were
 refore he sayde ryght nought
 he bethought hym then
 t he schulde erse hym ken
 sat styll in a thought
 der day in that same wyle
 n the kyng from mete schulde ryle
 grehounde came in tho
 bonte there he sought
 the swerd he founde nought
 agayne he began to go
 n sayde the kyng in that stounde
 thynke that was syr rogers bounde
 t went forthe wythe the quene
 we they be come agayne to thys lande
 ys all thys I vnderstonde
 ay ryght wele so bene
 at they be to thys lande come
 hall haue worde thereof sone
 that wythin short space
 neuer synnys they went I wys
 we nat the grehounde come thys
 a maruclouse case
 n he comys agayne folowbe hym

Handwritten marginal notes in a cursive script, located on the right side of the page, continuing the narrative or providing commentary.

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Decorative initial letters 'A A A B B' in a stylized, calligraphic font.

Under the grene wode lynde
Softly he went nere and nere
He lyght on fote and byhelde hyr there
As a knyght curteyle and kynde
He awaketh that lady of beaute
She loketh on hym ful pyteously
And was a ferde ful soze
He sayde what do you here madame
Of whens be ye and what is your name
Have you your men forloze
Syr she sayde if ye wyl wete
My name is called margarete
In aragon was I borne
Here have I sufferd moche grese
Helpe me frout of thys myschese
At some towne that I were
The knyght beheld that lady good
Hym thought she was of gentyl blode
That was so harde bestad
He toke hyr by so courtelly
And the chylde that lay hyr by
Them bothe wyth hym he lad

Thau were they of hym glad
Greate gyftes to hym was gyuen
Of lordes and of ladys bydene
As in bokes I haue red
There called that lady longe
With the for them amonge
Of hyr they were neuer wery
The chyld was taught greate noyture
I mayster hym had vnder hys cure
And taught hym cuttely

Thys chyld waxed wonder wel
Of greate stature bothe of fleshe and
Euery man lo ued hym truly
Of theyr company all folke were glad
For other cause in dede they had
The chyld was gentyl and bolde
Rouwe of the quene late we be
And of the grehounde speke we
That I erst of tolde

Longe seven yere so god me saue
Hedyd kepe hys maysters graue
Tyl that he waxed olde

[Faint, illegible text in a later hand, likely a continuation of the story or a commentary.]

¶ This wolde he laboure for
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Tyl it fel on that one yere
Euen on cryslemas day
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Whan he had sought and couped nat fynd
He dyd ful gentely hys kynde
Spede better whan he myght
The grehound ran forthe hys way
Tyl he cam where hys mayster lay
As fast as euer he mought
The kyng marueled of that dede
From whens he came and whether he yede
O: who hym thyder brough

the kyng that with hym was
rehoude came in the

oute there he sought
he stuard he founde nought

agayne he began to go
sayde the kyng in that stounde

that was syr rogers bounde
the wythe the quene

he come agayne to thys lande
as alwayes I vnderstande

myght wele so benyng
that they be to thys lande come

all haue worde thereof some
that wythin short space

ther synnys they went
he nat the grehounde come thys

a maruclouse case
he comys agayne folowe hym

ermore he wyl ryne
his master dwellynge

and go loke ye not spare
that ye come there

and my quene

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